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FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1876.

Good Night.

What do I see in Baby's eyes?
So bright! so bright!
I see the blue, I see a spark,
I see a twinkle in the dark—
Now shut them tight.
What do I see in Baby's eyes?
Shut tight—shut tight.
The blue is gone, the light is hid—
I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.
Good night! good night!

A USEFUL INVENTION.

A pale-faced, anxious-looking man, says the Burlington *Hawkeye*, who looked as though he snuffed with sorrow every week, lives out on North Hill with his wife and seven lovey, blooming daughters. He has, with all these seven daughters, only one front gate, and that is what makes him pale. Last summer he spent \$217 repairing that front gate, putting in new ones, and experimenting with various kinds of hinges; and after all that the gate swung all through the winter on a leather strap and a piece of clothes-line, and there was peace in the household, and the man grew fat. But, when the April days were nigh, it soon became apparent to the man that his troubles were at hand, and anxiety soon drove the roses from his damask cheeks and robbed his ribs of their substance. He used to climb over the back fence to avoid calling attention to the disagreeable-looking old gate, but his self-denial was of no avail. One evening his eldest daughter, Sophronia said:
"Pa, that horrid old gate is the most disgusting thing on this street. If you can't afford to have it fixed, I'd take it away and put up a stile."
"Pa only groaned. But an evening or so later, his youngest daughter came in, and said with considerable warmth:
"Pa! I wish you had that beastly old gate tied to your neck, that's what I wish!"
And she dissolved in tears and evaporated up-stairs in a misty cloud, while her sisters followed slowly, casting reproaching looks at Pa. And the next evening his third daughter, Azalea, came bounding into the room about 9:30 p. m., with her gloves in a condition to indicate that she had been patting gravel, and said, with some energy, that if Pa had no feeling other people had, and she wished she was dead, she did, and she hoped that the next time that Pa went out of that hateful old gate he'd fall from Aclt street to the bridge, so she did. And she broke down and disappeared with a staccato accompaniment of sobs and sniffles. And the next time that Pa went out of that gate he found it prostrate between the two posts, and saw that the fragile strands of the clothes-line had parted, under some extraordinary pressure, and that was what ailed Azalea's gloves. Pa saw there was nothing for it but a new gate, and he groaned aloud as he viewed the dreary prospect of furnishing gates to support the many forms of the best young men in Burlington for another summer. He pondered, and pondered, and pondered. He became the confidant of carpenters; he was often seen guiltily showing certain plans and drawings to blacksmiths and cunning workers in iron and steel. And in due time he had a new gate up, a massive gate, with great posts, ornamented and substantial, and the seven sisters were pleased. They read in the little

brass plate that informed them that a patent had been applied for, the words, "for 130" pounds, but they did not know what it meant until last evening.

Last evening the weather, though sufficiently cool to be bracing, admitted a test of the new gate. A murmur of voices arose from the vicinity of that popular lover's retreat, as Sophronia swung idly to and fro on its heavy frame. Presently a pale-faced man, who held his hand upon his breast to still his beating heart, as he crouched in a dark corner of the porch, heard Rodolphus say:

"But believe me, Sophronia my own heart's idol, between the touches of the rude hand of ti—"

As he began the word he leaned forward and bent his weight upon the gate, and with a sharp click a little trap-door in the side of the post flew open and a gaunt, many-jointed arm of steel, with an iron knob as big as a Virginia gourd on the end of it, flew out, and with the rapidity of lightning, hit Rodolphus two resounding pelts between the shoulders that sounded like a base-drum explosion.

"Oh, h-h! gosh!" he roared, "I'm stabbed! I'm stabbed!" and, without waiting to pick up his hat, he fled, shrieking for the doctor, while Sophronia rushed into the house, crying "Pa! Pa! Pa! Rodolphus is shot!" and swooned. The pale-faced man said nothing but shrunk further back into the shadow, and thrust his handkerchief into his mouth to stifle a smile. Pretty soon he knew the voice of his daughter Azalea at the gate saying good night. But a rich manly voice detained her, and the measured swing of the gate was again heard in the distance. Soon he heard Lorenzo say, as he made ready to climb upon the gate:

"But whatever of sorrow may await our future, dear one, I would it might fall upon me—"

And just as he lifted his last foot from the ground the trap-door opened and the gaunt arm reached out and fell upon him with that big knob four times, and every time it reached him, Lorenzo shrieked:

"Bleeding heart! O mercy, mercy, Mr. Man! Oh, murder!"

And as he ambled away in the starlight, waiting for amica, Azalea fled wildly to her home shrieking, "Pa! Pa! somebody is murdering Lorenzo!" And on the porch a pale-faced man thrust the rim of his felt hat into his mouth to reinforce his handkerchief, and hugged himself into placid content. Pretty soon the man's fifth daughter came home from a party, and she, too, perched on the gate. And in a moment or two, Alphonso, said:

"But my own Miriam would I could tell you what I feel—"

But he didn't for just then he leaned upon the gate, the gaunt arm reached out, and he felt the iron, which knocked the breath so far out of him that he couldn't shriek until he had run half a mile from the house. And Miriam ran into the house screaming that Alfonso had a fit. The pale-faced man rose up out of the shadow and emptied his mouth and as he stood under the quiet starlight looking at the gate whose powerful but delicate mechanism repelled an ounce of weight over 130 pounds, a look of ineffable peace stole over the pale face, and the smile that rested on the quiet features told that the struggle of a lifetime was ended in victory, and a gate had been discovered that could set at naught the oppressions of thoughtless young people.

The Two "Duckey's."

A Cleveland drummer (says the *Leader*) was in Elyria a few Sundays ago, and while sitting in his room heard, from the next room, the mysterious question and answer:

"Whose duckey are you?"
"Ise your duckey!"

A few moments passed, during which the drummer sat in open-mouthed wonder, and the silence was again broken:

"Whose duckey are you?"
"Ise your duckey!"

Unable to stand it much longer alone the Clevelander hurried down to the office and learned that a newly-married couple were in the house, invited three other drummers to hear the fun, and tiptoed back to his room. The wicked quartet crammed their handkerchiefs in their mouths, and during the next quarter of an hour heard that fond cooedrum pat and answered no less

than four times by the unconscious rustic and his blushing bride.

At dinner, as luck would have it, the bride and groom were seated next between two of the drummers, while the original discoverer of the bonanza sat opposite. The table had been cleared of the substantial and orders for dessert had been given. At that moment a spirit of mischief took entire possession of the Clevelander. Leaning across the table, he looked archingly at his nearest friend, and in a dulcet tone propounded the conundrum.

"Whose duckey are you?"

The other chap was equal to the emergency, and in tones of affected sweetness got in his answer:

"Ise your duckey!"

Two scarlet rustic faces, the flutter of a white dress through the doorway, two vacant seats at the table, and four crazy drummers laughing till the tears ran, flashed across their vision of the spectators as the curtain fell.

Extraordinary Sailing

A correspondent of the Liverpool *Journal of Commerce* furnishes the following account of the voyage of two California wheat ships under date of May 5th:

On the 28th ult. there arrived at Liverpool two American ships—The J. B. Brown, under the command of Captain Keza; and the Southern Cross, under command of Captain Ballard. The two ships towed out through the heads at San Francisco at 6 o'clock on the morning of December 31, 1875, side by side, discharged their pilots at the same time, and passed the Farallone Islands together. Met each other next day, and parted company that night. Met again on the line in the Pacific, and again in the neighborhood of Pitcairn in the South Pacific, and again did not see anything of each other again until in about three or four degrees of south latitude on the Atlantic side. Here they had it in nip and tuck for a week or ten days, watching each other as a cat does a rat. Finally a circumstance took place which the master of the Southern Cross says he never experienced before during a command in the East India trade for twenty-five consecutive years. Both ships arrived on the equator side by side, bearing the compass due east and west, and on working up their latitude they found no latitude at all, not a fraction either way; in fact, they were exactly on the equator. From this point they parted company. Met again in the northeast trades, sailed in company for a week or so, and then parted. Met again off Holyhead, and took tugs from the same company, were towed up the Mersey side by side, and, had the dock-gates been wide enough, they could have entered side by side. As it was the Cross led the way in, the Brown following within a foot of her all the way.

The J. B. Brown was loaded by Rogers, Meyer & Co., and the Southern Cross by Stevens, Baker & Co., of San Francisco, and each made the passage in 117 days.

A NEW MEDICAL AGENT.—Our attention has recently been called to a new combination in medical chemistry which seems likely to be the means of alleviating a large amount of suffering. These healing, soothing and balsamic substances have been united in a medicine which we are assured by those who have had a fair opportunity of observing its effects is a positive remedy for all ordinary diseases of the throat and lungs. The formula is said to have been furnished by a distinguished foreign physician (Dr. Hale), and it is advertised as "*Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.*" There can be no doubt from the character of the testimony in its favor, that it is a preparation of superior merit, and as the specific of a member of the profession who has made pulmonary diseases his specialty, it is fully entitled we think, to the confidence of the public. One thing is certain, it is in great demand, and all druggists find it necessary to keep it.

The *Independent* says: The most favorable reports are received concerning the crop prospects. Everywhere grain is reported as doing unusually well, and all agree the largest wheat crop ever grown in Douglas county will be threshed out this fall.

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The Eugene firemen are making arrangements for a grand ball at Lane's Hall on Christmas eve.

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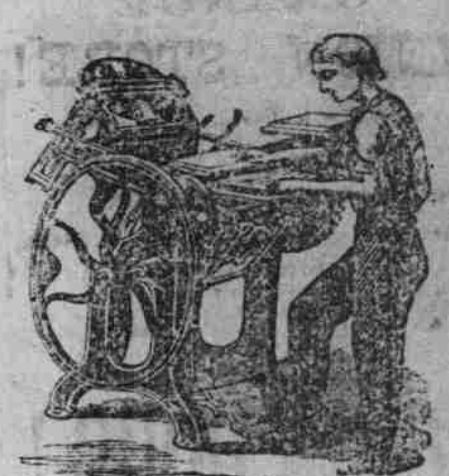
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